



DAVID • LUPACCHINO • ORTEGO • MILLA

-FACTOR



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WHEN SUPERHUMANITY NEEDS A DETECTIVE AGENCY, THEY CALL UPON MADROX THE MULTIPLE MAN AND HIS MUTANT TEAM OF INVESTIGATORS...

X-FACTOR



PREVIOUSLY...

X-FACTOR MANAGED TO STOP THREE FEMALE ASSASSINS—BALLISTIQUE, ROCOCO AND SYLVIVUS—from killing Mayor Jameson, who had in turn hired the team to investigate the death of his old friend, General Ryan. However the dust-up resulted in the shooting and death of Guido...EXCEPT HE MIRACULOUSLY RETURNED TO LIFE FOR REASONS THAT REMAIN MURKY TO X-FACTOR. MEANWHILE, THE BLACK CAT HAS GONE IN PURSUIT OF THE THREE WOMEN, NOT KNOWING THEY'RE AWARE OF HER FOLLOWING THEM AND ARE SETTING A TRAP.

MEANWHILE: PETER DAVID WANDERED AROUND WONDERCON IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR TWO SOLID DAYS AND NOT A SINGLE PERSON RECOGNIZED HIM. WHY? BECAUSE HE WAS DRESSED AS THE GREEN HORNET.

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EVERYBODY LIES.
THEY JUST DO.
IT'S PART OF
HUMAN NATURE.

I'M SURE EVEN MOTHER
TERESA SENT THE TRUTH
EVERY NOW AND THEN.



AND CLIENTS--WHETHER
YOU'RE A DETECTIVE OR
A DOCTOR OR WHATEVER--
THEY LIE A LOT.



THEY'VE
STOPPED MOVING.
PERFECT.

WHICH IS WEIRD BECAUSE,
SINCE THEY WANT YOUR
HELP, YOU'D THINK THEY'D
BE HONEST WITH YOU.



BECAUSE IF THEY DON'T
TELL YOU EVERYTHING
THEY'RE INTO...



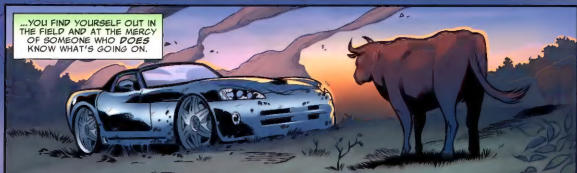
...THEN YOU CAN WIND UP
BEING BLINDSIDED AND
NEVER SEE IT COMING.



OW!
STUPID
MOSQUIT--!

--OOOH...
...CRAP...







NEW YORK CITY HALL.

THIS HAS BEEN ONE HELL OF A DAY. AND WHERE THE BLAZES DID FELICIA GO?

NO IDEA, SIR.

AND X-FACTOR! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDING ME.



TO BE FAIR, SIR, THEY'RE DEALING WITH ONE OF THEIR GUYS BEING SHOT...

FAIR? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT LIFE BEING FAIR?

IF YOU ASK ME--



OH, I INTEND TO ASK YOU.

WHAT THE--?



DON'T SHOOT, YOU IDIOTS!

THE BULLETS WON'T HURT HER! JUST HIM!



ARE YOU OUT
OF YOUR MIND?!
YOU WORK
FOR ME!

AND YOU'RE
THE MAYOR, AND
YOUR SALARY COMES
OUT OF MY TAX DOLLARS,
SO YOU WORK FOR ME.
WE'RE EVEN.

DID YOU
THINK I WAS
GOING TO
FORGET?

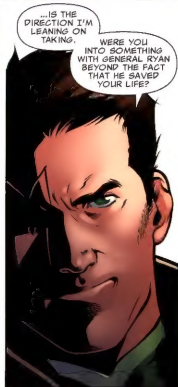
FORGET
WHAT? WHAT'RE
YOU--?

I WARNED YOU.
I SAID THERE WAS
SOMETHING GOING ON
THAT YOU WEREN'T
TELLING US.

THAT I'D
RIP IT OUT OF
YOUR MIND IF
I HAD TO.

WELL, NOW
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A MEETING
OF MINDS.

LIES, DAMNED LIES







WAIT. I MISSED SOMETHING.

WHO'S "YOUNG SOO POKK"?



HE WAS A KOREAN MEDIC. BRILLIANT SURGEON.

IN THOSE DAYS, THE THREE OF US WERE THICK AS--



HE WAS THE THIRD ONE IN THE PICTURE YOU SHOWED US.

THAT'S RIGHT.

WHERE IS HE NOW?

I DON'T KNOW! THIS WAS ALL YEARS AGO.



SAM NEVER TOLD ME HOW THE PROGRAM WORKED OUT, AND I NEVER ASKED.

THESE WOMEN... IF THEY'RE PART OF THIS SCARS THING...

THEY COULD BE TARGETING THIS POKK GUY.



LOOK, NONE OF THIS IS--

WHERE'S THE PICTURE?

DOWN IN MY OFFICE.

LET'S GET IT.

NOW SEE HERE--!



HE SAID, "GET IT." GET IT?

G-GOT IT... GOOD.



THIS IS
GETTING ME
NOWHERE.



THE FBI HAS
NO FILE ON THIS
WOMAN?

AT LEAST
NOTHING THAT
MATCHES THE
PICTURE THAT I'VE
GOT TO WORK
WITH.



HEY!
VICTOR!

RICTOR.

LIKE I
CARE.

PICK UP
ON LINE 1. IT'S
MADROX.



HIS NAME, PIP
REMEMBERS.

YEAH, HEY,
MADROX. I'M
COMING UP EMPTY
ON THE SEARCH...



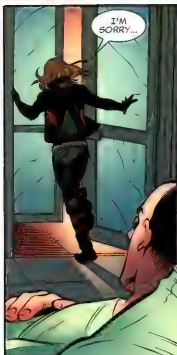
GOT A NEW
ONE FOR YOU. A
DOCTOR YOUNG
SOO POCK.

MONET'S ON
HER WAY WITH A
PICTURE OF HIM.
TERRY'S BUSY
KEEPING JAMESON
ENTERTAINED.

HOW DO
YOU MAKE YOUR
HAIR STAND UP
LIKE THAT?

GOT HIT
BY LIGHTNING
AS A KID.
TWICE.

THAT
EXPLAINS
A LOT.





HEY, MONET! YOU LOOK--
OUT OF THE WAY.



SHE'S IN A MOOD.

I CANNA BLAME HER, GUIDO ALMOST DIED.



GOT THE PICTURE.

DON'T NEED IT. HE HAD AN FBI FILE, INCLUDING HOME ADDRESS

I'M PULLING UP A SATELLITE SHOT OF IT RIGHT NOW.

ONCE WE SEE IT, I CAN BRING US STRAIGHT THERE.



NEW HAMPSHIRE?

HOW NICE FOR HIM. GET US UP THERE.

HE'S GOT A FARM THERE.

MADPROX WANTS US TO WAIT FOR HIM...



I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT MADPROX WANTS I WANT HER HEAD. NOW.

YOU IN, STAR?

ABSOLUTELY. LET'S GO NOW: MADPROX MIGHT TRY TO STOP US FROM KILLING HER.

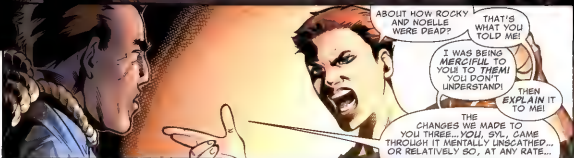
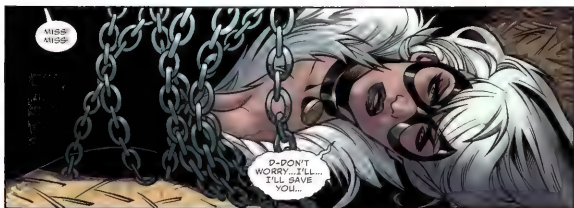



I'M IN ALSO
ME TOO.

WHM...WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

GOING AFTER THE BITCH THAT HURT GUIDO.

OH, THEN DEFINITELY, YES.





"...BUT THE OTHER TWO...
BALLISTIQUE, ROCCO...
THEY BECAME INCREASINGLY
UNSTABLE.

"YOU WERE DESIGNED TO BE A
SALVAGE AND RESCUE TEAM.
INSTEAD THEY TOOK OFF ON THEIR
OWN, GRABBING MERCENARY JOBS...

"...JUST TO GIVE THEM
THE OPPORTUNITY TO
KILL AND KEEP KILLING.

"WE HAD TO REIN THEM IN...SHUT
THEM DOWN. THE GENERAL, HE
JUST WANTED TO END THEM, AND
YOU TOO, JUST IN CASE...

"BUT I CONVINCED HIM I
COULD WIPE THEIR MEMORIES.
GIVE THEM NEW IDENTITIES, A
CHANCE AT NORMAL LIVES.

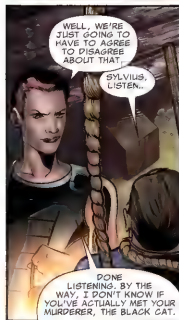
"THEY'D BE DEAD F.
IT WEREN'T FOR ME."



WE WOULDN'T
BE FREAKS IF
IT WEREN'T FOR
YOU!

I...I WARNED
YOU THE CHANGES
MIGHT BE
UNPREDICTABLE...

SO
IT'S OUR
FAULT?



WELL, WE'RE
JUST GOING TO
HAVE TO AGREE
TO DISAGREE
ABOUT THAT.

SYLVIOUS,
LISTEN...

DONE
LISTENING. BY THE
WAY, I DON'T KNOW IF
YOU'VE ACTUALLY MET YOUR
MURDERER, THE BLACK CAT.



YEAH, THAT'S
GONNA BE REAL
CONVINCING SINCE
I'M HOOTIED
DOWN HERE.

AT THE
MOMENT, YES,
BUT YOU WON'T
STAY THAT
WAY.



WHAT DO YOU THINK, ROCKY?
MURDER/SUICIDE? SHE HANGS
HIM, THEN BLOWS HER OWN
BRAINS OUT. OR MAYBE
HANGS HERSELF WITH
THE CHAIN.

THINK PEOPLE
WILL BUY THEY
WERE LOVERS?

OH, THEY'LL
BUY ANYTHING
IF IT'S SICK
ENOUGH.



YOU'LL HAVE
QUITE THE
POSTHUMOUS REP,
DOC. YOU SEE HOW
HOT SHE IS? YOU'LL BE
THE ENVY OF EVERY
RED-BLOODED
STRAIGHT GUY
IN AMERICA.

READY
OR NOT...

NO!
WAIT!



BUH-BYE



YOU WANT TO BE ABLE
TO COUNT ON PEOPLE,
EVEN THOUGH THEY LIE.

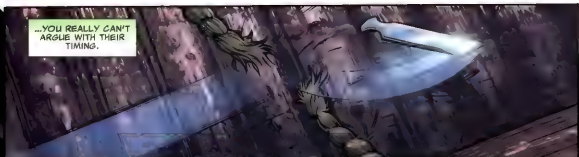
I THOUGHT I COULD
COUNT ON MY CREW
BEING BACK AT HQ
WHEN TERRY AND I
RETURNED.

INSTEAD THEY'RE
GONE.

ON THE ONE
HAND, I'M
FURIOUS.



ON THE OTHER
HAND ..



...YOU REALLY CAN'T
ARGUE WITH THEIR
TIMING.



OOOOOOFFA



GO AHEAD!
TAKE A SWING
AT US!

I'M
BEGGING
YOU!



THIS IS
NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS!

HE'S GOT IT
COMING!

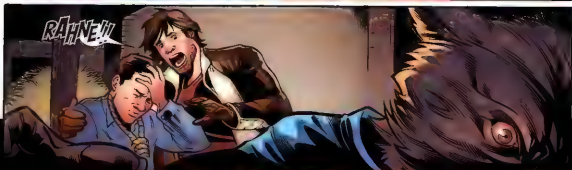
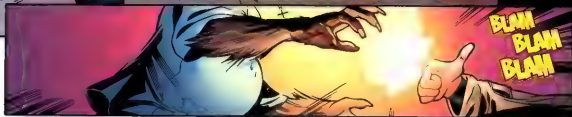


WE ALL
GOT IT COMING,
KID.

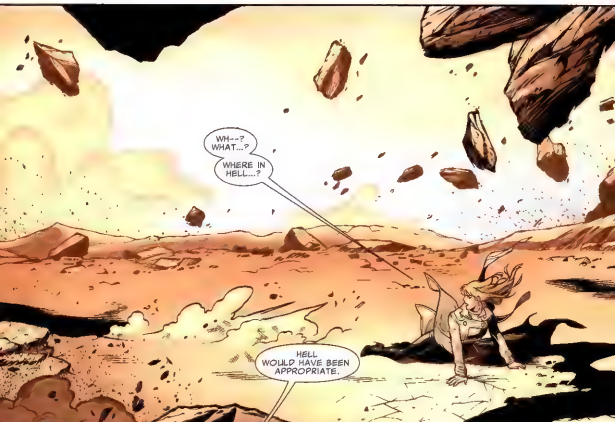
Turns out that Rictor
started showing him
Westerns. He watched
"Unforgiven" nine times

Least he's
got good
taste.









WH--?
WHAT...?

WHERE IN
HELL...?

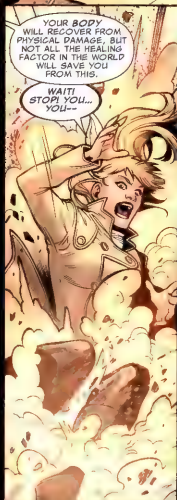
HELL
WOULD HAVE BEEN
APPROPRIATE.



BUT THIS
WILL DO.

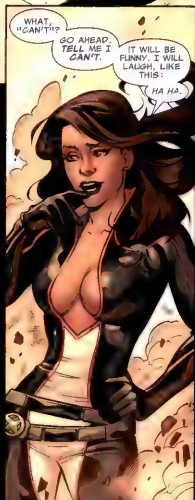
I SAID I
WANTED YOUR
HEAD, AND NOW
I HAVE IT. THE
INSIDE.

I COULD
NEVER DO THIS
IF YOU HADN'T
WILLINGLY LET ME
IN THE FIRST TIME.
BUT SINCE I'VE
ALREADY WALKED
YOUR NEURAL
PATHWAYS, I
COULD FIND
MY WAY
BACK IN.



YOUR **BODY**
WILL RECOVER FROM
PHYSICAL DAMAGE, BUT
NOT ALL THE HEALING
FACTOR IN THE WORLD
WILL SAVE YOU
FROM THIS.

WAIT!
STOP! YOU...
YOU--



WHAT,
"CAN'T"?

GO AHEAD.
TELL ME I
CAN'T.

IT WILL BE
FUNNY. I WILL
LAUGH, LIKE
THIS:

HA HA.



YEAH?
LAUGH
IN HELL,
YOU--



MONET!



MONET,
LET'S GO

WHERE ARE
THE OTHER
TWO?

TOOK OFF.
LONGSHOT, RAHNE
AND THE BLACK CAT
ARE IN PURSUIT. WHAT
DID YOU DO TO
THIS ONE?

BURIED HER
CONSCIOUSNESS.
PUT HER INTO A
PERMANENT
COMA.

I'M NOT SURE HOW COMPREHENSIVE
HER HEALING FACTOR IS, BUT I
DOUBT SHE COULD SURVIVE
BEING INCINERATED.

SHALL WE
JUST LEAVE HER
TO BURN?



MONET?





MONET!
WE
WERE GETTING
WORRIED!



IS SHE
DEAD?

NO.
DID
YOU GET THE
OTHERS?



THEY HAD A
HELICOPTER.

BUT YOU
COULD FLY
AFTER THEM,
MONET!



YES! YES!
STOP THEM FOR
GOOD SO THEY
WON'T--

WON'T WHAT?
KILL YOU FOR
MESSING WITH THEIR
MINDS? DESTROYING
THEIR LIVES?



I...



WE WERE HIRED TO
CATCH RYAN'S KILLER.
WE DID THAT.
JOB'S OVER.

BESIDES...
THEY'RE PROBABLY
TOO FAR AWAY. I
COULD NEVER
CATCH THEM.

LIKE I SAID...
EVERYBODY
LIES.

TO OUR FRIENDS...
TO OUR ENEMIES...

...AND TO
OURSELVES.



NEXT



FORGIVE ME, FATHER...
FOR I HAVE KILLED!

minutemen

scans 'n edits

